Yankee Doings

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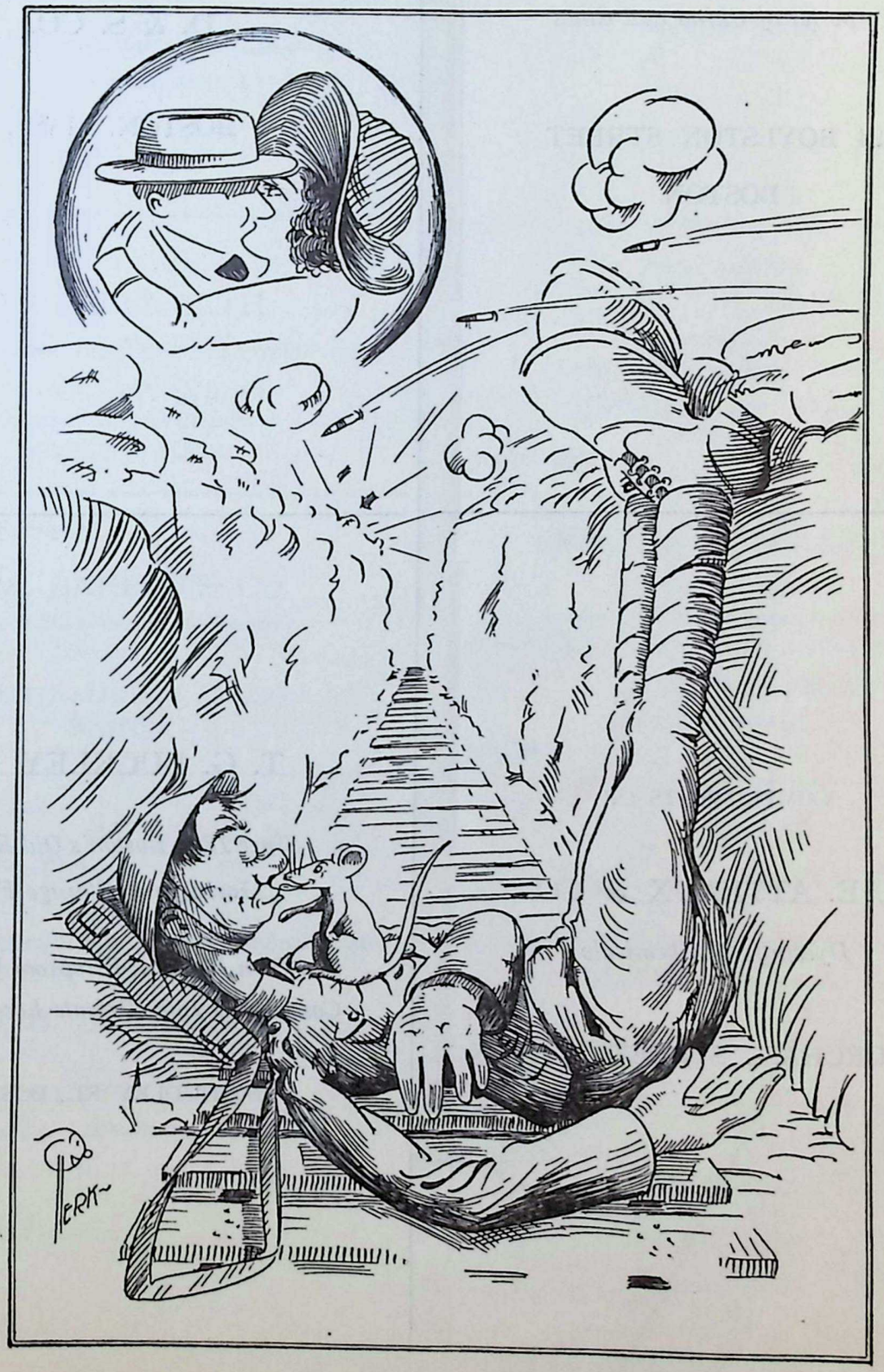

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

C. J. CONNICK
9 HARCOURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

RALPH M. EASTMAN
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN
Secretary

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

"PERK"

If this month's cover doesn't give your funnybone some exercise, you must be in bad shape.

"Perk," whose nifty signature appears in the corner, is the latest cause for rejoicing among the wise ones who signed up for another year. You'll see more of his line. And all just as good.

He called this one, "Only a Soldier Boy's Dream." But the picture needs no caption. It is complete.

And just to prove he's no piker, he sends along a faithful portrait of the champion YD booster—General Bullard—in a characteristic pose.

Perk used to sign the payroll of A Company, 101st Engineers, as EDWARD E. PERKINS, but it is as "Perk" that he will be known to posterity.

Encore next month. Let's hear how you like 'em.

GETTING IN TRIM

Slicking up is still going on apace at the Boston Club. Just now the rooms are in the throes of being painted. When the boys get back from Newport, Bar Harbor or elsewhere in the fall, they'll find the quarters in fine shape for what is going to be the biggest winter season we've ever had.

The first thing a rookie learns is how to judge good whiskey. This is how it's done: One drops a hammer in the whiskey. If it floats it's fair whiskey, if it sinks the whiskey is poor, but if the hammer dissolves—*that's whiskey.*

FLASHES*

By STEUART M. EMERY

It may be the flash of a face in the street
  Or the crash of a truck on stone
Or a ship that slips where the tall waves meet
  That carries us back to our own,—
To thunderous days when the road was wide
  And the lorries went plunging through
And the transports swayed to an eastbound tide
  On the path that two million knew.

The lamp in the living room's well alight
  And the tidy white curtains sway;
Low whisperings drift from the outside night
  From the people who pass our way—
Down to the movies or tripping on calls
  In the tame, grooved round of the town,
Where the paper tattles of banks and balls
  And the bargains in shoes marked down.

Crashing nights when the skies split red,
  Long gray miles in the rain;
The word "Marne" leaps from a printed page
  And the old years live again.

The lanes of the city are loud with life
  In the flurry and sweep of noon,
With the clang of trolleys and whistles' strife
  To sing us a punctual tune.
A hustle and humming that has no halt
  Where the dollars are sowed and grown,
Was there ever a time we smelled the salt
  And there wasn't a desk and phone?

Gales on a gun deck bucking wild,
  Shipping it green and raw;
A navy slicker comes down the street
  And the North Sea rolls once more.

They are buried deep in the day's drab grind
  As we trundle our jobs along,
The years that an Armistice left behind
  With their burden of sweat and song.
There isn't a place for them here—they're through—
  And they dim as the months advance,
But a word, a touch, and they flame anew
  On the highway that led to France.

** From American Legion Weekly. While many of us have doubtless read these verses, DOINGS cannot forego the desire to reprint them. The poem is of the sort that will bear re-reading many times.*

"YD NIGHT"

Through the courtesy of the "Pictures in Motion, Inc.," members of the YD Club of Boston were invited to attend the performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the St. James Theatre, on Friday, June 26. Boston was chosen as a fitting place for the first showing of this beautiful picture in the natural colors. On June 29th, "Cyrano de Bergerac" was shown in New York City, where it is to have a two-hundred-night run.

If this picture comes to your town, don't miss it.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"WATCH US GROW."

* * * *

The above sign, in letters a foot high, appeared in the window of a new shop on the opening morning. It would be hard to pack more optimism into three words. It has grown. It is growing. It will grow. All of which three statements apply to YANKEE DOINGS.

* * * *

DOINGS readers are divided into three groups: Those who take the paper for granted, numbering about ninety per cent; those who ask, "Who the blazes gets it together and how in time do they do it?", numbering about nine per cent; those who do it, comprising the remaining one per cent. The first group needs a stimulant, the second enlightenment, and the third reinforcement. The trouble with the ninety per cent is a wrong point of view. They see YANKEE DOINGS from the outside. It contains news of others for them to read. They are like the stay-at-home voter who blames everything on the government. Every man is a responsible part of the government. Every reader is a responsible part of DOINGS. Do your share.

* * * *

The work of requesting and selecting, of putting together, of trimming and balancing and administering, devolves upon the shoulders of a very small group. This group, with true editorial modesty, calls itself "we." "We" are the agents of "you." "We" do not write DOINGS; we keep it running for you and by your assistance. "We" are the one per cent mentioned above.

* * * *

As to growth. Some will remember the first multigraphed number of YANKEE DOINGS. A few may still have a copy of it. Ralph Eastman was editor. It contained no assurance that there would ever be a second issue. But the idea made a hit. It was too good to drop. The second issue appeared, six pages this time. Already growing. This number bore the legend, "Vol. I, No. I,"—the outward symbol of an inward purpose—the purpose to carry on. This left the first copy of all without a number. But it occupies its rightful place of honor at the front of the bound volume at Association Headquarters.

* * * *

From that day to this is a long jump. Artists, serial writers, cartoonists, reporters and contributors have done and are doing their part to help us grow. As to the editor's job—it is like that of the hod carrier. "Shure," said he, " 'tis a foine job I have now. All I do is carry bricks and mortar up the ladder. The man at the top does all the work." All we have to do is dig up talent. They do all the work.

* * * *

WATCH US GROW!

GEN. JOHN C. GREENWAY

One day a lowly member of the 101st Engineers was found to have imbibed not wisely but too well. In an effort to ascertain just what degree of intelligence he still possessed, he was being questioned by a sergeant. One question was, "Who is major of your battalion?" His answer was correct, if not very informative. "I don't know. They just gave us a new issue yesterday."

The "new issue" was Major JOHN C. GREENWAY of Arizona. It didn't take the keen perceptions of the soldier mind long to appreciate that here indeed was a born leader of men. It is difficult to crowd into small space the many incidents which proved this snap judgment to be a true one.

The personality of the man could be felt in two minutes. It cannot be described in two volumes. First of all, perhaps, one felt his strength of purpose. It is impossible to imagine anyone successfully resisting his will or evading his wishes. Next, came the quick recognition of his squareness and appreciation of others' efforts. And lastly, as you knew him better, came the knowledge of his kindness—donations to the mess fund, a kind word here and there. But through all was the certain knowledge that here was a really big man.

Major Greenway afterward became Lieutenant Colonel of the 101st Infantry, and since the war has advanced to the rank of Brigadier General in the Reserves.

In civil life he has been for many years the general manager of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company at Bisbee, Arizona.

On June 9, the occasion being his retirement from that office, "Greenway Day" was proclaimed in the town of Bisbee. All usual business was shut down and half the State turned out to honor the man who has done more for Arizona than any living citizen.

Practically the entire issue of the *Daily Review* is given over to honoring General Greenway. Each page presents his picture in some different field of activity. The leading editorial proclaims his virtues. Columns of praise seldom accorded a living citizen appear signed by men in all walks of life.

It is impossible to quote here one hundredth part of what they say, much as we should like to.

Just one quotation shows what an influence Jack Greenway exerts among his fellowmen: "Many a Bisbee boy has been quieted by the admonition that 'if you aren't good, you'll never grow up to be like General Greenway.' "

—P. N. S.

A CASE FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES

A letter has been received from M. N. RUSKIN (101st F. H.), setting forth in some detail the account of what seems to be a raw deal on the part of a former buddy. Comrade Ruskin invokes our aid and suggests that perhaps we can give him the address of the alleged culprit. What the sequel would be he leaves to our imagination.

But, although he proves his case in masterly fashion, nowhere does he let drop the least clue as to the name of the rascal who done him dirt. Such forbearance, be it said, easily rates first honors as the height of chivalry.

My Buddy's Wife

By T. Howard Kelly

Author of "What Outfit, Buddy?", "The End of a Paris Night," Etc., Etc.

(*Continued from June DOINGS*)

It was that way all the long days of waiting while men around me whispered the war was going to end next morning. Such talk seemed crazy babble to most of us. But they kept the idea going. And, at last, after our guns had banged all night, and seemed about to crack the world with violence, along about eleven o'clock they suddenly became muted as if by the command of some invisible master voice. A silence unknown to that part of France settled over the pockmarked hills and fields of Verdun.

The war was over!

Men came up out of the earth—out of their hiding places. They sang and shaved. They danced in the sunlight and slapped each other on the back. They drank wine and beer. They damned the Kaiser. But most of all they talked about going home—about sweethearts—mothers—families.

That night as the gang sat around a big fire singing "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding," I knew what a hard trail lay before two women back in Iowa, and all the women in America whose boys would never march home.

"God help you, Mary, if you loved him like he loved you," I thought inwardly as I got up and moved out of the fire's dancing light. "I—I—don't know how I'll ever be able to tell you all about him."

Broken and battered by almost two years of fighting in France, my division was sent home immediately. A month after the Armistice went into effect I found myself being discharged from Camp Devens, and being paid off in full. The amount was one hundred dollars, including all my back pay. But this did not take care of any traveling expenses and I had learned that traveling was very high since the war.

"My original home is in Mobile, Alabama. Do I get carfare there?" I asked, thinking that I could use the money for the trip to Bill's little home town.

"You enlisted at Boxford, Mass., didn't you?" demanded the quartermaster officer.

"Yes," I was forced to admit.

"You are entitled to twenty-six cents traveling money. That is the fare between Devens and Boxford," he answered, crushing me with this news.

I went away carrying but one souvenir of the Great Experience—Bill Mullaney's gas mask that I was taking home to Mary. There was only one thing to do,—buy some clothing and board a train for L——, Iowa.

But upon discovering the price of clothes, I had to put such a thing out of my mind. Civilian clothes were not for me. The old O. D. uniform would have to do for a while. My money must be used for railroad fare—must be spent keeping faith with the man who slept somewhere beyond the citadel of Verdun.

All the way across the States I sat at the day coach window dazed by the sights streaking past. There was but one thing on my mind,—one thing in my heart. That was the delicacy of my mission. Time and time again I framed the things I would say to Mary, and to Bill's old mother. But always at the ever recurring vision of Mary as I remembered her from the picture, words lodged like lumps in my throat and I could not rehearse anything to say.

The fact that I was broke from buying my ticket did not seem to matter until the long train slowed down for L——, and the porter, hustling my things to the platform before I could stop him, showed how plainly he expected a tip. A strange kind of smile came to my lips as I reached in my pocket and gave him three nickels—my last few cents.

I knew Mary at once.

There she was standing on the little station platform looking for all the world like a slender goldenrod—goldenrod that has been caught in a sudden rough wind. But she tried to smile at the sight of me clattering up to her in hobnails.

She was in black—black that made her more of a golden girl than ever—black that was a sombre foil for her white, satiny skin, her blue eyes that melted my heart, and her hair that was like mellow corn-silk! Nor shall I ever be able to describe my sensations as our fingers touched and her lips, sadly red, asked if I were Jimmy. That moment was one of the few times in my life when I couldn't do any more than nod my head for an answer.

"The wagon's over here," she said, turning toward a horse and carriage.

I was glad there was something for me to do when we reached the shabby little old turnout. Somehow I had sensed that Mary was near to crying when she met me. Maybe she had seen Bill's name linked across the gas mask! I cursed myself for not having thought to hide that side of it, as I unhitched the horse.

The road was little more than a white snow trail winding out of the straggling village of several streets. The wagon's wheels skidded a few times, nearly throwing us out. Once I had to hold Mary in by putting my arm around her.

"Of course we—we ought to be using a sleigh. But ours has about fallen to pieces. I must hold Ned in," she said in an apologetic way, as she drew on the reins hard. The horse slowed down and our way was less dangerous after that.

"There 's a lot for me to tell you, Jimmy," she said later. The confiding tone she used went to my head like wine. I stole a glance at her sidewise, my eyes like two starved things drinking in the exquisiteness of her face.

For a moment came the irresistible impulse to realize that at last—at last I was looking upon a woman who owned a power over my soul. Such an impulse had its sway until I remembered who she was. Again I must keep faith with a man asleep in France. But I could not cheat myself of the strange happiness that was mine in the knowledge that I was at least privileged to help her—to offer her whatever there was in me that she needed or would take.

"I came, Mary," I said, pronouncing her name slowly, softly, "to have you tell me what you will and to do whatever I can. Please remember that we were buddies out there—to the end," I finished, no longer sure of my voice.

Mary stared ahead, her eyes seeming to seek something that was way down the road, shrouded in the quickening gray twilight. I knew that a great battle was going on in her heart—a battle to master the emotions which were near overwhelming her. Her sensitive lips trembled. There was a play of forces in her slender throat. In those poignant seconds I wished with all my heart that I lay in Bill Mullaney's grave beyond Verdun. For the magic of my love for Mary made her own agony a thing of dumb torture to me.

"Some time," she began, at last daring speech, "you will tell me all about him over there. Now there are other things, Jimmy, that I must tell you. Bill—" she faltered over the name— "his mother nearly died when the telegram came. She went to bed, rallied later and hung on a while. Then her mind weakened. Doctor Summerfield told me that the only thing sustaining her was the belief she cherishes of Bill's coming home. She won't believe he was killed. Her mind's affected, poor soul," Mary went on slowly. "Four days ago she had another bad spell. We have no hope that she can last now. This is bad enough. But not all. We have never received a cent of insurance money. I have corresponded, but there seems to be a mistake somewhere and there has been no money. I had to give up my teaching position to care for Mother Mullaney. The truth is, Jimmy, only the generosity of Doctor Summerfield has kept us going."

The sobs burst through her lips after she finished.

"Don't worry any more about such things, Mary," was all I could find to say as my hands instinctively gripped hers. "We'll get Bill's mother well, and I'll take care of the rest."

My words were not idle boast, for penniless though I was at the moment I knew that somehow, some way, I would get money for Mary and Mrs. Mullaney.

The twilight lingered only a few swift moments. Silently the night shadows crept into the white fields and the gaunt woods. Darkness had closed around us, when Mary drew reins in front of a rambling house that suggested poverty even through the dimness of the Iowa night. Two lights burned inside —one upstairs and one downstairs.

"Dr. Summerfield is with her up there waiting for us. We didn't dare tell her you were coming. She might have insisted you were Bill. So try not to make any noise when we get inside," said Mary, as I helped her to the ground.

"I'll put the horse up. Where's the stable?" I asked under my breath. Mary pointed to a low building behind the house. I made out its vague outlines through the dark and led Ned towards the stable.

Mary and the doctor were sitting at a table in an old-fashioned parlor when I came in by the back door. The

doctor, tall and spare, with a good Samaritan sort of face, got up as I stepped lightly into the parlor. I took his outstretched hand with the realization that I was making a friend—not merely an acquaintance.

"I am glad you came, my boy. This child here," pointing to Mary with a wan sort of smile, "needs someone to lean on."

"I'm afraid I've been a terrible burden to you, Doctor," she cut in softly.

"That you could not be, Mary. It is only that I cannot be in two places at once that I'm glad you have Jimmy here to help now."

Our talk in the little old-fashioned parlor with its oil lamp burning low in a round rose-colored globe finally resolved itself into a council of war. The doctor told us that Mrs. Mullaney was sleeping upstairs under the influence of a powder.

"Why doesn't Mary get her insurance, Jimmy?" asked the doctor after a while.

I gave them briefly what information I had been able to dig up about it. There was a chance that our Commanding Officer might be able to put the papers through, in spite of their incompleteness. But it would take long weeks. They were slow about such matters at Washington.

"Then we cannot hope much on that score for the present. Mary is frankly broke. She had to give up her teaching."

"I can go right to work," I interrupted.

"What did you do before the war, Jimmy?" he asked.

"I was a newspaper writer, with ambition to do fiction and novels some day," I admitted slowly.

But I convinced them that one could write on a farm as well as any other place.

And so it was agreed that night that I would stay and get ready for the spring and summer on the farm, doing what odd jobs I could. In between times I would take up my writing again.

A great white winter moon was shining down when Mary and I went to the door with Doctor Summerfield. His goodnight was a solemn kindly thing that sent me back indoors conscious of a growing filial feeling towards the soft-voiced man. Then and there I sensed that some day circumstances would send me to him as a boy goes to the father.

The parlor lamp was sputtering its appeal for oil when we went back into that room, where the winter chill was less on account of the embers still glowing on the wide, rough hearth. In the uncertain rose dimness, Mary Mullaney seemed to me still the beautiful spray of stricken goldenrod —more beautiful, more tender than ever.

As we sat talking in low tones, there was a sound of feeble steps shuffling down the stairs. There came a voice, high-pitched with false strength. Mary Mullaney stiffened strangely, and leaned tensely forward, anxious fear written on her paling face.

At first the rocking vision coming down the stairs seemed an uncanny phantom in white—something that almost froze the blood in my veins, for I did not fully comprehend this apparition until Mary jumped up in alarm, crying, "Mother Mullaney—"

I got to my feet at the same moment and stood stock still, waiting to see what drama the moment would unfold.

"He's come home! Mary—Mary—I told you he would. Thank God!" cried the old lady, poising herself on the last step, her face gray and drawn with the pallor of death. Her eyes flashed with uncanny brightness, as she took me in, dressed as I was in my army clothes.

I saw Mary make a vain gesture to stop her. But with the false strength of the delirious, Bill Mullaney's mother swept past like a ghost and threw herself into my opening arms with a cry that jerked at my heartstrings.

"My boy—my boy," she murmured, clinging to me, one thin white hand clutched.

"I've asked God for this one last sight—my two children in each others' arms—Mary girl—Bill boy. God's answered my prayers. I'm going to Him. He's calling me. Come."

She half pushed us into each others' arms, until Mary was like a spray of limp, yielding goldenrod in my embrace.

Until her eyes, only inches from mine, were telling me that we must play a game—and her lips, lifting upwards, sent a joy I had never known before sweeping through me.

(To be continued)

CONNERY HONORED

An honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Congressman WILLIAM P. CONNERY, JR. (101st Inf.) of Lynn, by Holy Cross College, at its commencement exercises June 16. When notifying him of their intentions, Fr. J. N. Dinand in his letter to Connery said in part:

> "Your Alma Mater is very desirous at this period in your career to express the grateful appreciation she has for the splendid services you have rendered and for that honor and glory that has come to her because of your manly, sterling qualities of character and the virtue you have set forth in your private and public life.
>
> "It gives me the greatest possible happiness to be the bearer of this message to you on this, the fifteenth anniversary of the graduation of your class from Holy Cross, and I know all your classmates will rejoice in seeing you so worthily honored."

HERE'S AN IDEA

YD Club,
Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:

I am contemplating the issue of a monthly divisional news similar to what we formerly had under the title of YANKEE DOINGS. If I can get any support on this proposition in the way of endorsement, I shall manage to gather together each issue enough news to make the paper really worth while. This idea of mine throws no responsibility upon the Association and I stand whatever losses there may be. The only thing I want is an endorsement and the assurance that the moment I have the thing on its feet there will not be some similar proposition launched.

I am taking this proposition up because I am a YD veteran myself, formerly of Company F, 102d Inf., and I feel that I would like once in a while to hear from some of the other fellows who are now scattered to different parts of New England and other parts of the country. If the Club will sanction this publication, I shall write out an agreement and try to put out an issue September 1st.

H. F. MCCUEN.

BULLard

Bullard vs. Edwards

AGAINST FURTHER DEBATE

Editor YANKEE DOINGS:

It was with much concern and interest that I read the article, "Bullard vs. Edwards," in the June issue of YANKEE DOINGS, and although controversies like this are apt to rankle and make every man of the Yankee Division rise up in righteous wrath, I should say that everything necessary has been said.

The article quoted from the *Boston Post* seems to have covered the defence from the outside in a thoroughly masterful and unprejudiced manner and anything we might add would rather take from the situation as it now stands.

With all due respect to Mr. James M. Boyer for his letter published at the end of the article and his desire to see justice done, I feel that nothing could be more effectual in absolutely closing the matter than the noble reply of General Edwards, refusing to be drawn into a petty quarrel.

It was surely a most dignified reading and strictly in keeping with what we know of the Old Man. He is too great a man to stoop to answer to any greater length, a matter so paltry.

As the *Boston Post* has said, he is the "beloved YD Commander." He is the idol of all New England. The 26th Division stands high in the regard of the Nation, and no mere man with an axe to grind nor any reply from us can change it.

The war is over. General Edwards has come out of it with an enviable reputation and the love of his whole division. Who could want more?

Then let us not, from behind, bring him into further upheavals when he, by his reply, has signified his desire for peace to all men.

Very truly yours,
LYMAN B. COZZENS.

FROM THE OLD MAN'S AIDE

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Why don't you send the articles regarding Bullard's "Me and Pershing" to the *Boston American* so that the general public can read them. Keeping them in the YANKEE DOINGS is simply telling us the "Dutch are in Holland" as the "Old Man" says.

It strikes me that Jim Boyer is right. Surely Emerson, Taylor, Hannigan and hundreds of others who can write, are in a position to answer "Me and Pershing."

HENRY D. CORMERAIS.

ADD "FAMOUS SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN"

"A few days after I had put these measures into effect came an order from Gen. Pershing to do this very thing."—*From Gen. Bullard's diary.*

"Algerian," quoting this excerpt, asks in a clear, bell-like voice: "Who won the war?"

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEN. EDWARDS

Dear General:

At a regular meeting of the Salem YD Club, attention was called to the remarks of General Bullard and to the answer made by the Best General in the A. E. F.,—no need to mention to whom we refer,—ask any YD man.

And by a unanimous vote we go on record as follows:

"We, the Salem Chapter, Y. D. V. A., are behind General Clarence R. Edwards in everything said or done by him in answer to General Bullard's actions or remarks.

"We feel that these remarks were made through jealousy of the grand showing made by the so-called 'Bunch of Boy Scouts' from dear old New England."

Yours in comradeship in peace as in war,
SALEM CHAPTER OF YD VETERANS ASSOCIATION,
CHARLES M. APPLETON, *Secretary.*

"DON'T GET ROPED"

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Already more than one response to the *American's* request that ex-members of the 26th write their version of the affair to which General Bullard alluded has appeared in the columns of that paper, and it seems as if this be allowed to continue a nice little volcano will be allowed to erupt and scatter recrimination broadcast. Those who have been so nicely roped into replying to the query will find themselves in a very disagreeable controversy, which is very likely to start raking up all the unpleasant stories which were so rampant during the demobilization of forces after the Armistice.

Furthermore, it is not for members of different outfits of the 26th Division,—by this I mean the individual soldier, whose vision was limited to a very small sector in which he was engaged,—to take up the cudgel with a General Officer whose position allowed him greater scope in judging the manner in which they performed their duty. It is to be deplored that some men will keep the unpleasant memories fresh as long as possible, by taking advantage of an opportunity to rake up that which has been buried long since in many heated arguments which only breed discontent and harsh feelings among men of different outfits.

As General Bullard finds it profitable to have his opinions widely circulated, and he himself takes the responsibility of determining "who won the war," a very good plan for those at whom he may next throw a broadside is to adopt the old Wilson plan of watchful waiting.

Remember, General Edwards still has his eye on all matters pertaining to the old outfit and any reflection on his old Division will bring a swift refutation from the farm in Westwood.

Let the members of the 26th be better gentlemen and sports than to knock our brother soldiers. We did our best.

—C. L. RUDDOCK.

A. P. O. 709

W. J. LACROSSE, 1958 Northampton St., Holyoke, Mass., would very much appreciate the address of LEO ADAMS, formerly a lieutenant in K Company, 101st Infantry.

If anyone knows of any Navy buddy who served on the U.S.S. "Newport" during the war and after the war(1919-1921) who remembers JOHN D. SULLIVAN (C.P.O. Y. 3 C.), please get in touch with THOMAS L. SULLIVAN at the Boston YD Club. A navy fellow by the name of FRANK RUSSO and another by the name, or nickname, of SPARKS, can be of great help if located.

ANTHONY PAUL COLANO and Miss Mary Talesand were married on April 16, and are now living in Hartford. Colano was a bugler in E Company, 102d Infantry.

JOSEPH ST. AMAND (Hdqrs. Troop) and Miss Anne Redgate O'Reilly, who were married last October, were recent Club visitors. Joe is now an illustrator in New York City.

You may have seen the letter sent out by the YD Club Treasurer on June 1. Then again, perhaps you didn't! It was a polite reminder that Dues were Due and it brought back some interesting answers. "Baby needs a pair of shoes, but, I ask you, how could a chap resist a letter like this?" asks E. W. SHORE of 395 Lexington St., Auburndale.

C. MANNEBACK, in replying to a similar reminder says, "Don't believe I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you, but am glad to know you. Check enclosed, plus fine. In Detroit it costs us $10 for speeding—in Boston, ten cents for being slow. That is why life is so interesting. Best wishes to all 104th Infantry boys and regards to President Harmon."

"We both win! I was kidding myself I could not afford it, but here it is!" writes another.

H. J. BRANT states that he cannot afford to miss a copy of DOINGS.

FRED M. WREN, patrol inspector, U. S. Immigration Service, has been transferred to Houlton, Maine, where he wishes DOINGS sent. He closes with, "They seem to be the only links connecting an unforgettable past with a forgettable present."

From ARCHER LABRANCHE, Biddeford, Maine, "I hope you will not change DOINGS as it is the best magazine I receive and it is the only thing by which we, up here in Maine, ever hear of the old gang."

About a month ago HARRY BURT of New York City served on the jury with PAUL HOLLAND, one of the top kicks of the 103d Field Artillery. Question: "Would a top kick make a good juror?"

Members of Batt. A, 101st Field Artillery, will be interested to know that STUART CHAPIN is now residing in Oxford, England. Cherio, old top!

BILL HUGHES, 101st Supply Train, is in Cambridge for the summer, having been in Guatemala for the past three years.

JOHN H. CONNELL, Company C, 101st Engineers, blew into the Club recently from Castle Point, N. Y.

Barre, Vermont, is represented by LESLIE WILSON, 102d Infantry, who writes that, "This batter does not intend to strike out for he likes DOINGS too well for that. Those late cover designs are the real thing and bring many of us back to familiar scenes. May they still continue for some time."

How about the "familiar scene" depicted this month, Les?

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of A. H. RONNE (Batt. A, 103d F. A.), please communicate with S. E. DAVIS, Adjt., Reed Post, A. L., Elko, Nevada.

Says GORDON S. FRESHNEY of Richmond, Calif., "When I read 'No Dues, No Doings,' I said to myself, 'Boy, you'd better come through or you will lose membership in the best club in the U. S.' so here is my buck for the coming year."

FLAGS*

By EDWARD YERXA

What are they for—
Oblong sheets of cloth with colors on them?
Escutcheoned emblemry in august state—
Insignia for all the sons of men!

The pulses mount to see them in review;
There's something catches, grips our throats
As they unroll the pomps and pageantries
Of nationhood, or dynasties in silent dust.

And the answer is—? Perhaps the child
Who is father to the man can one day say,
Or those who, with broken swords and tortured breath,
Found sacrifice where once were life and love.

We all revere the flags as they pass by,
But if the drum's beat gets us! Then we see
Beside the heavy stride of centuries —
Honor, dishonor, chivalry, cruelty,
Romance, tragedy and glory!

** From "As the World Wags" in The Boston Herald.*

TWO LAPS AHEAD

THOMAS F. BURKE of East Hartford offers a mighty good suggestion, or rather two good suggestions. The fact that they are not new does not affect their merit any. He writes, "Why not open a column for funny experiences of former YD men while in France, to add a little humor? Also a few humorous cartoons pertaining to the war period 'over there.'"

As to the second point, Tom, close the magazine and gaze on the cover. There are more like it to come.

The first suggestion has also been tried out, but by no means exhausted. The funny story contest brought forth some good ones. It is still open. Who will be next? A word of warning: DOINGS goes into upright and respectable homes.

"Nigga, befo' I finishes rollin' mah sleeves an' sails into yo', has yo' any more questions to ask?"

"Jest one, big boy, jest one. Is you-all leavin' a wife and chillun?"

North of Verdun (IV)

By Judson Hannigan

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, no officer who witnessed this uneven struggle can refrain from mentioning the spirit shown alike by officers and men. Even the humblest privates realized the enormity of the task which had been set for them. They did not grumble. Each new call for fresh effort brought forth new determination. Their repulses from the enemy were but the impulses for added vigor. Lives were demanded by the very nature of the operations, but these demands were met without restraint and without hesitation. The shrouds of death were the texture of willing sacrifice. Let those who condemn have their say, but let those who love *men* realize that these five days brought forth from those engaged the highest virtues of man's estate.

Finally, three letters speak for themselves. They were the result of the struggle and perhaps they tell in some degree why those who had knocked so long and so earnestly at Germany's door were denied the privilege which has come to the conqueror since time immemorial—entry to the soil of the conquered.

"Headquarters 51st Infantry Brigade
26th Division, American E. F.
France, Nov. 4, 1918

From: Commanding General, 51st Infantry Brigade
To: Commanding General, 26th Division
Subject: Morale of 51st Infantry Brigade

"1. Colonel Grant of the Staff of the First Army called at my headquarters yesterday and showed me part of a report made by someone unknown to me in respect to the morale of the 26th Division and particularly in respect to the morale of the brigade. This report indicates that, in the opinion of whoever made it, the morale of this brigade was low, and that it was not at this time prepared even for defensive work against the enemy. It went even further.

"2. I denied the truth of this report to Colonel Grant with some emphasis. But, I wish in addition to go officially on record as denying it with equal emphasis, and I hope that this official denial may follow the course of the original report and be considered with it and filed with it.

"3. This brigade is low in strength and particularly in its strength of officers and non-commissioned officers as a result of its difficult work in the past, and especially of its active operations against the enemy during the past two weeks. Influenza and bronchitis have been prevalent, as probably they are under similar conditions everywhere. But excepting these conditions, there is nothing whatever to cause apprehension on the part of anyone with respect to the brigade. It is prepared, to the full extent of its numerical strength, to fight not only defensively but also offensively, either in its present front or any place it may be called upon to fight. My own observation and the reports of my organization commanders confirm this judgment. I shall be glad if replacements can be supplied to increase my strength. If this cannot be done under present conditions, I shall be glad if even a few officers can be sent me. The importance of replacements now cannot be too strongly emphasized. But, even if this cannot be done, this brigade will give a good account of itself regardless of what service it may be called upon to perform.

"I regard the report, to which reference is made, as unjust and cruel and entirely without sufficient foundation. Since it has been made however, and is a matter of record, I request in fairness to my brigade, regardless of what service may be required, that it be allowed to remain in the front lines and no thought be given to its relief until it has had full opportunity to show the inaccuracy of the report herein referred to.

"(Signed) GEO. H. SHELTON,
Brigadier General, U. S. A., Commanding."

Under the same date and with the same subject, the following letter was addressed to Colonel H. P. Hobbs, commanding the 101st Infantry:

"1. In view of your statement to me by telephone this morning that you reported recently, while acting in the capacity of Division Inspector, that the morale of this brigade was low, that it was not prepared to fight even defensively, and that it was in a state bordering on panic, I shall be glad if you will state to me the conditions which you found warranting in your judgment a report of this character, and in what units you found those conditions, and where those units were located at the time you found them. Also whether you found them in person or through the reports of others, and whether these others in the latter case visited all of the units or enough of them to warrant expression of judgment of this kind.

"2. I have denied, as you know, the truth of the report insofar as it was brought to my attention. I believe I was closer to the units of my brigade at the time the report was made and better acquainted with the conditions than any inspector could be under any circumstances of the service at that time. And it was because of this belief that I denied the truth of the report in ignorance at the time of the author of it. Nevertheless, I should have denied the truth of it in the light of my knowledge, regardless of who made it. Reports of this kind do incalculable harm unless true beyond the shadow of a doubt. I believe this report has done incalculable harm to this brigade, and to offset this as far as possible and to overcome its effects as soon as possible, I shall be glad if you feel that you can advise me of the principal items of information that you had as a basis for your report.

"(Signed) GEO. H. SHELTON,
Brigadier General, U. S. A., Commanding."

The following report was received by General Shelton on the same day from Colonel Hobbs:

"Headquarters 101st Infantry
American E. F.
Nov. 6, 1918

From: Colonel H. P. Hobbs, 101st Infantry
To: Commanding General, 51st Infantry Brigade
Subject: Inspector's Report on Morale

"1. In answer to your letter on the above subject dated Nov. 6, 1918, I desire to submit the following report:

"Under instructions of the Inspector General G.H.Q., A. E. F., while on duty as Division Inspector, I was required to make a daily report under a number of headings among which was Morale and 'General Condition of the Division.'

"A day or two after the 104th Infantry had been withdrawn from battle and bivouacked somewhat to the rear I visited (I think it was) the 2nd Bn. on the south slope of Cote 292, northwest of Varcherauville. Captain Brown, the Major commanding that Bn., and several other officers whose names I do not now remember, told me that their men were 'shell shy' and 'all in.' That they were 'mentally and physically exhausted.' I talked to a number of enlisted men of that Bn. on that occasion and they appeared to be in a depressed state of mind and suffering from both nervous and physical fatigue. Many of them appeared to be sick, with constant coughing. The day before this visit to this Bn. of the 104th Infantry I had occasion to visit Colonel Logan at his P. C. at Samogneux. Going to and from Colonel Logan's P. C., I stopped and talked to a few officers and enlisted men, and here again I found the same spirit of depression of mind and fatigue of body. After my visit to the 104th Infantry the regimental surgeons of the 101st and 104th Infantry came to my office, at the suggestion of the Division Surgeon, and told me that a large per cent of the men of both regiments were suffering from bronchitis and that many were daily running a low temperature. They informed me that the morale was low and that both officers and men were mentally and physically exhausted. Chaplain O'Connor and two or three regimental chaplains, whom I know by sight but do not remember their names, gave me the same story of mental and physical exhaustion of officers and men. The Division Surgeon showed me a letter from one of the psychiatrists of the 101st Sanitary Train in which he reported in very forceful terms the mental state of depression of a great many men coming under his observation. I gave Lt. Colonel Foote, Assistant Inspector, the information I had thus obtained and sent him out to investigate and form his own opinion. He spent the greater part of the day with the enlisted men of the 101st and 102d Infantry and reported them 'shell shy, very depressed in mind and physically run down.'

"Based on this information and in compliance with my instructions from the Inspector General, G.H.Q., A.E.F., I reported in effect:

"Morale: Low.

"General Condition of the Division: That the morale of the Division was very low due to the continued exposure to bad weather, to hard fighting, to continued exposure to shell and machine gun fire, and to lack of rest; that I was of the opinion that the Infantry, especially the 101st and 102nd Infantry, was not in condition for even defensive operations; that this opinion was based on personal observation and conversation with officers and enlisted men and that of my assistant, and reports of Regimental Surgeons and Chaplains; and that my opinion was concurred in by the Division Surgeon. I read my report to the Division Surgeon and he did concur in it. As soon as I can obtain the retained copy of my report I will send it to you.

"This report, the details of which I have given above, was a part of my daily report, one copy of which was sent to the Inspector General G.H.Q., A.E.F., one copy to the Inspector First Army, and one copy to the Commanding General, 26th Division.

"I desire that you should know all the facts in this matter and that I be not misjudged and considered a calamity howler.

"Since I have been on duty with the 101st Infantry I find that the few days of comparative rest that the men have had has brought about a very marked change in spirit. The morale is high and officers and men are cheerful and look upon the bright side of things. From the day I joined the 101st Infantry I have insisted upon the officers doing all in their power to keep a smile on the faces of their men. I am doing the same.

"(Signed) H. P. Hobbs,
Colonel, 101st Infantry."

On October 28th the Brigade Commander submitted a report to the Division Commander. The available data at the time the report was made showed that the 101st Infantry had

1st Bn.	4 officers	175 men
2nd Bn.	3 "	100 "
3rd Bn.	3 "	150 "

The 102nd Infantry had

1st Bn.	0 officers	178 men
2nd Bn.	2 "	100 "
3rd Bn.	3 "	100 "

This estimate did not include runners, litter bearers, and some others present with the command but not available with counting the effective strength. The dressing station of the 102nd Field Ambulance Company reported that from noon, October 27th, to noon October 28th, it had received 772 wounded from this brigade alone and that all of the wounded had not been evacuated.

On the night of October 28-29 the 104th Infantry, which had been placed at the disposal of the C. G., 51st Infantry Brigade, relieved the units holding the front line of the 51st Infantry Brigade. One battalion of the 101st Infantry and one battalion of the 102nd Infantry were held in support. The remaining battalions of these two regiments were withdrawn to the rear, exhausted, cold and bleeding, but graced with a record of glorious effort and unflinching devotion to duty.

(The End)

YD POST OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

One hundred of our Club members have made real their long-dreamed-of YD Post of The American Legion, and with the organization meeting held June 30 at the Club quarters, the baby Post of the Massachusetts Department bids fair to become a full-grown adult by the time of the State Convention in September.

Ever since the American Legion has been in existence, the men of the Yankee Division have wanted a Post of the Legion which they could call their own "Yankee Division Post" but many obstacles had to be overcome. This has been done and a charter has been approved—temporary officers will be installed within the month of July—and everybody is happy.

The President of the YD Club believes it to be a duty to encourage and to assist our members in securing their charter and in launching a Post where the boys could pay the obligation they owe to community, State and Nation and still fraternize with other men known to them—where Legion matters might be discussed and weighed without bitterness or prejudice, and where we could and would be banded together for other than social privileges. Feeling as he does about the American Legion, he has encouraged the YD Post to make free use of the Club quarters and facilities for mailing and other means of communication, and urged them to keep their dues within the reach of every YD man.

However, he feels that fresh enthusiasm and determination should not permit the sober judgment to be swayed away from a restriction of membership based upon membership in the YD Club of Boston or some other affiliated chapter of the YDVA.

He feels, too, that men should not be encouraged to transfer their Legion membership from other Posts to ours. However, an affiliated membership can be granted to any Club member who is now a member of some other Legion Post. But it would be manifestly unfair to permit free use of Club quarters—with unrestricted privileges—to Legion Post members who pay no part of the carrying cost of the YD Club. Therefore, this string has been attached to the offer of Post quarters to the new YD Post.

It is hoped that the new Post of the Legion will uphold the traditions of the Division and soon win for itself the high praise which the Yankee Division won and the esteem which it still holds. Named for the best Division in the A.E.F., let the Post become the best American Legion Post in America.

The temporary officers elected were: Commander, James Woods (101st Sig. Corps); vice-commander, Albert W. Barnard (101st Inf.); adjutant, William Snyder (Div. Hdqrs.); finance officer, Leander H. Redfield (101st Engrs.).

FROM BROCKTON

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I see by the June DOINGS that you are going to have a YD Post, A.L. A very good idea, I think. You can class me with that Post next year, 1926.

Let us know more about the new Post and perhaps we can be of some help to you.

MAURICE A. THOMPSON,
Brockton, Mass.

THE GENS AND THE GYRENES

(Scissored from the Boston Herald)

I see where this here Gen. Bullard made some remarks to Gen. Pershing about the Gyrenes and their w. k. publicity in the late w. w. That guy is holding out on the public. The real story is this:

The gens were all sittin' around discussing about who was gonna start in the big scrap. "Who're these here marine guys?" says Gen. Pershing. "Gen., they're fighting fools that don't know nothin' else or if they're in the army or if they're in the navy and they don't give a damn," says a guy from Plattsburg. "T'ell you say!" says the general, surprised at such seeming intelligence in such a dumb bird. "Yeh!" says the Plattsburg guy as he gives his Sam Browne belt a few slicks with his sleeve. "Mebbe we should have ought to start these here Gyrenes," says Gen. Pershing. "Mebbe," says the yes guys all together. Which they done.

After the marines had cleaned the Prussian guards and lost more men than any other bunch in the division and killed more Germans and taken more machine gun nests than the cock-eyed Germans ever seen captured before, the gens seen their mistake. "Hey," says Gen. Bullard to Gen. Pershing, who was passing, he was always passing, "these Gyrene guys which are left are sure gittin' the lime lite showered on them. How come? D'ye want 'em all to get a raise and have us guys get canned?" "I stopped that," says the Gen. dryly as I was passing (I was always passing, too), "I've started a question."

"I'll bite," says Gen. Bullard. "What's your question, Gen.?"

"Who won the war?" says Gen. Pershing.

"All right, who won the war?" says Gen. Bullard.

"The Y.M.C.A.," said Gen. Pershing, and then the two gens laffed an' laffed, because they knew they had sure started something to make people forget about the Gyrenes.

A WITNESS WANTED

GEORGE GESPRANCES, known by the nickname of "Gas Pipe," came to the 103d Infantry as a replacement in April, 1918. According to the report of Frank J. Nolan, adjutant of the Capt. James MacFarland Post, No. 79, A. L. of Burlington, N. J., Gesprances is in pretty tough shape. He has a shrapnel wound in the head, a machine-gun wound, seven toes amputated after discharge from what he claims to be mustard gas. He also has two bayonet wounds, and is apparently suffering from shell shock. Despite all this, the records in the A. G. O. fail to show that he was ever wounded. He has been unable to get compensation.

General Edwards has been active in his behalf and has asked us to try to help, through the columns of YANKEE DOINGS.

All that is necessary is to prove that his wounds and resulting condition are a result of his service. ARTHUR J. WELCH of Rumford, Maine, was company clerk of the company in which Gesprances served. He has been reached and remembers quite well that Gesprances received a bayonet wound as he was the only man in the company thus wounded. Welch says that others also recall this fact.

If any reader of this notice is sure enough of these facts to be willing to make affidavit to that effect, will he please communicate with Adjt. Nolan at the above address without delay, and help out a buddy that is surely S. O. L.

COMPANY A, 102d M. G. BATTALION

GUY L. BEAN, JR., deserted the thinning bachelor ranks on June 11. So did STEWART B. JOHNSTON, not long ago. In the same breath, T. R. COVEY, another insurance man, announced arrival of his second youngster. Guy represents Eastern Casualty in Boston, "Stew" the New York Life in Providence, and "Pop" the National Credit in Boston. (Not an adv.)

FRANK T. HITCHCOCK, JR., is with the Edison Company helping Boston brighten up. "Sign up!" says he—and up it goes.

Don't forget that HOWARD L. SHORTSLEEVE is now missing—and his mother wants your help in furnishing any clues. Send them to A. C. HAVLIN, 39 Boylston St., Boston, who will forward them. Also send along any news of interest to "A" men!

We regret to learn that the mother of LEON L. RICKER, now of Framingham, died on June 4th.

CLAUDE NICHOLLS is now a Harvard grad—seized his parchment this June.

E. D. and E. T. HAMILTON are in the confectionery and oil business, respectively, in Worcester.

JOHN D. GLENCROSS has started to "shoot trouble" on the Edison lines about Framingham.

April 18th was celebrated as Seicheprey Day. "BILL" HANNA was up from "Virginny" way, CUMMINGS and HINCKLEY were down from Vermont, ELLIOTT up from Taunton, MANN from Milford, and so on. "MATTY" J. BOYLE was delayed by the arrival of a new son. Where were you?

WILLIAM T. MCHUGH, New York City, writes that he hopes to spend his vacation in Boston this summer and will look up some of the old gang. —A. C. H.

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

This is an endeavor to start a bit of interest in the old 102d. We are to have a reunion at Sylvan Grove on the outskirts of New Bedford on September 20, 1925. The principal event is to be a clam bake and a real time is promised. There will be swimming, boating and all kinds of sports. Put that date on your cuff and be sure that you don't forget it.

Captain "JIGGER" JONES, (B Co.), had charge of Owen Carroll Day at Holy Cross which assured the event a sure success.

Sergeant TOM MCCARTHY (B Co.) has been appointed to the Worcester Police and is stationed in the center of the city. This might be of interest to some of the speed fans.

JIM MCGUINN (B Co.) is on the job as usual and promises to send us some news from time to time.

Had a note from JOHN BOOTH (A Co.) who reports that JOE TUTTLE, AL HOULE and the well-known "GAS" CORPORAL DANIELS are all around Haverhill. By the way, Houle is also a man for the speed fans to duck.

COKEY WOODMAN of the Pill Battery is pitching for Salem in the Twilight League.

I hope to hear from many of the gang before next month. —SANDY.

A GOOD BUY

No need to remind readers of DOINGS that there was a time once when the wolf was not only outside the door but had one foot inside. What we affectionately call "the good old days" were not so good. In those days it was a matter of life or death whether our membership increased or fell away. The drives for renewals were carried on in desperation.

Today it is different. The membership question can be viewed with equanimity so far as the Club or the Association is concerned. The man who has our sympathy today is the one on the outside looking in. It's up to the loyal stickers to convince him he's missing something worth while.

The true goal of Christian charity has not yet been reached when we can say, "Enter, brother, never mind dues; we don't need 'em." But it is a fact that there is twice the satisfaction in hearing a man say, "Gosh, I'm glad I signed up," that there is in seeing a mere signature on a check.

If you feel that you get your money's worth, don't keep it a secret. The more we serve, the better we serve. Why not make it a point to circulate your back numbers of DOINGS among the non-members in your town? Or loan your Legion Post a few copies for the reading room? Try it out.

103d INFANTRY

MAURICE WALKER (E Co.) of Lebanon, N. H., paid his annual visit to Skowhegan on Memorial Day.

CASIMIR A. BESSON (E Co.) graduated the first of June from the Kirksville (Mo.) School of Osteopathy, and at the present time he is at home.

Another of the home visitors on Memorial Day was FRANK J. FOSTER, who was accompanied by friend wife.

Maine wants to hear from other States. So get busy, you who have been so quiet. —W. G. S.

TAPS

AMOS D. WALKER, Company L, 101st Infantry, died on February 28, 1925.

On May 16th, death claimed Mrs. Warren E. Robinson of Brunswick, Maine, the widow of Lieut. WARREN E. ROBINSON, formerly of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, who was killed near Verdun in November, 1918. Mrs. Robinson had long been in ill health, but through all had been endowed with the true spirit of a soldier. A long and splendidly written article in the Brunswick paper testifies eloquently to the love and esteem in which she was held by her townspeople. It is not within the scope of this column to dwell at length on the qualities of mind and heart which made this remarkable woman so admired. Suffice to say that some verses written by her give a graphic description of the side of the war of which we saw so little—the suffering of those who had to stay at home and give up their loved ones.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ANTICS OF A

JAS. A. ("AL") CONNOLLY has been located at Graduate School, University of Notre Dame. Al is taking a Master's Degree at same institution, so he says.

HAROLD ("HAL") HALL is the proud daddy of twin daughters. Hal totes a few photos in his wallet of above-mentioned twins and can talk you deaf, dumb and blind about their future possibilities.

R. R. SHEPARDSON is laboring away trying to piece together facts and figures concerning the new "A Company History." Shep has some job cut out for him. There were a number of instances connected with A Company that the book committee have been unable to get hold of. Come on, A Company, we don't want a patched-up book. We want a good one. Send your facts in to J. M. MAYO, P. O. Drawer No. 2, Boston, Mass.

Married June 29, 1925: JOHN M. MAYO to Lucile Raymond Hin(r)es. (That will give some of them a good laugh.) —J. M. M.

BUZZINGS OF B

Our sympathies to ZIBA KEITH who recently lost his father and grandmother.

We received a postcard from "POP" HOLLOWAY on which he states he visited all our old sectors. He made a visit to "BUCKEYE" STOVER'S grave at Belleau Woods. Pop says you wouldn't know Bras now. We surely hope so.

Top-kick COUSINS doesn't look so bad in the Knights Templar's uniform. They gave him a better fit than did Uncle Sam. "Cozzi" is in the dairy business down in Braintree.

BILL HALLET is the only one of the outfit who has ambition and interest enough to check up on the fellows down his way.

Our inimitable JIM SWEANEY is connected with the firm of Hazen Brown Co., manufacturers of cement, pastes, etc.

The little Butterfly of the outfit, RALPH STEVENS, is pushing out gas to retailers out in Stoughton.

BILL WELLS, one of the 'em boys, is selling plumbers' supplies down in Peabody.

BILL WHITE has nothing but a fence running around the house as yet. We understand that Bill can sell you all the sawdust and boxes you need to pack your liquor in.

"What's-your-number" HERBIE MUERLING is still keeping the girls guessing. Has a good business worked up selling shoes and electric fans to the Eskimos. Didn't hear whether he left with McMillan or not.

Rumor has it that NICK NICKERSON is rushing a steady girl. As Nick works in the watch factory out in Waltham, he probably can judge a good face to say nothing of the ——, eh, eh!

ERNIE ROBERTSON, the fighting Scotch corporal, has harkened to the military, to the extent at least that he is working in the Brockton armory.

The Sager Electric Co's sales ought to be increased this year, for they have obtained the services of JIM KEDIAN.

LA LIBERTY is working overtime to give friend wife and child the luxuries of life, making plans, maps, etc., for a contractor.

Salesman "DUD" MCKEOWN looks like a million dollars. Keep it up, Raphael.

We hear that the best-laid sewer system in New England is down in Brockton. Why shouldn't it be?—our MERT GASSETT laid it out.

After three years of selling the necessaries of life (groceries) at Hull, Mass., BILL HALLETT says he is going to Bermuda on the strength of a few onions. Have one for me, Bill—not an onion, of course.

DOMINIC ALTUR, the recipient of "bow koo" gas at la Croisette Woods, liked the engineer corps so well that he is still swinging a pick and shovel down in Brockton.

STANLEY BATTLES of scholarly looks seems to be scholarly inclined. He is teaching school down in Pawtucket, R. I., is married and has one child.

Who do you suppose is wearing knickers, fellows? None other than WM. N. BAKER, the corporal who looked so much like Jack Dempsey. —THE DRONE.

CAPERS OF C

ARTHUR WALDRON sailed June 20 for Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France and England. This beats the army, he says, and no wood or water detail.

HARRISON MACALMAN is now a captain of Coast Artillery in the Maine National Guard, at Rockland.

Lieut. WOOD is now Captain Wood of the Regular Army (Engineers) and is stationed at Fort Humphrey, Va.

Our old friend, FERIOLI, is reported to have married recently and is practicing law at Springfield.

Our former buddy, RUDOLPH NISSEN, was killed in a premature mine explosion in Pennsylvania about June 20th. Details are lacking, but our sympathy is extended to his family and his many friends in the old outfit and in his home town, Portland. That makes just four men that have gone West since we came back,—Murphy, Guscott, Turney and Nissen.

The most successful reunion that the old crowd has had yet was held at the Ocean House, Old Orchard, Maine, June 27-28th. Every detail was just exactly as ordered,—the hotel, the crowd, everything but the weather. About fifty men showed up, some of whom we had not seen since Devens, and everybody reported a corking good time. Much of the credit for the success of the party goes to WALLY TOWLE, who, by the way, is now the police force of Old Orchard, and HARRY PORTER. The next Maine party is to be at Old Orchard, the Saturday after Labor Day, 1925, and everybody present has sworn to be on hand without fail. As the CLOUGH-MITCHELL-JENNY-ROSS termed it, it was "*splendid.*"

Bootleggers, now is your chance. PETE MCGARVEY has just been made chief of police of Stoughton, Mass.

—C. W. H.

DOINGS OF D

D Company's long delayed reunion was a great success. Everyone had one glorious time and there were no headaches the next morning. It started with a sail down the harbor to Pemberton where a great welcome was given us.

First class prizes had been given by some of the old vets and different athletic contests were held to award them. The majority were soon in the swimming pool and the time passed away too quickly. At six a baseball game between the married and single men was held, the winners of which each received a prize. After a Company meeting in which OSCAR BOHLIN was elected president; Howard Chase, secretary, and EDWARD WALKER, treasurer, the party, numbering sixty, sat down to a most enjoyable banquet. During dinner, entertainment was furnished by the hotel aided by some of our own talent, which received great applause from the other hotel guests. More fun was given by the different souvenirs each man found at his plate, and everyone had that smile that won't come off. When dinner was over the party was taken by trucks and autos to Paragon Park, where all the sights were taken in and such a good time had that it was hard to leave in time to get the last boat to Boston. We are extremely sorry for those who did not come as, without a question, they missed one grand time, but hope next year they will be with us.

CARLOS A. RICHARDSON, 208 Kittredge Bldg., Denver, attorney-at-law, wants any of the boys traveling through Colorado to look him up.

JOHN W. SULLIVAN has fifty *tres chic* mademoiselles under his eye at Peterboro, N. H., learning to act and dance (in one-piece suits).

ROBERT B. SWAIN, Hartford, has another addition to his family,—now two boys and a girl.

LEO. R. NEFF, 1117½ Gallia St., Portsmouth, Ohio, wants KEN JONES to look him up. Ken is in Ohio, too, for the C. L. Hauthaway Co., leather dressings.

OSCAR MARCHAND is in West Nanticoke, Penn., 58 Allen St., and sends regards to all the old buddies.

JOHN C. MORSE of 8613 West Knoll Drive, West Hollywood, Calif., wants you to look him up when in Los Angeles.

BEN JAMES met LYNDELL in Los Angeles while attending the Shrine Jamborine (means drunk, in English).

CARROLL SWAN, at present commander of the Crosscup-Pishon Post of the American Legion (composed of advertising men), turned in $26,000 to the endowment fund of the American Legion through the Post's success in staging the Sharkey-Maloney fight.

Send your news to EDWARD F. WALKER, 10 State St., Boston.

—E. F. W.

ECHOES OF E

CHET THOMAS represented E Company officially and gave a brief talk at Memorial Day ceremonies conducted by the Orient Heights Post of the American Legion at AL GOODEARL'S grave. Although many expected to go, EDDIE MINTON was the only other E Co. man there, which is too bad. We don't see how we could do better than publish Chet's report which was very interesting to us, and which we believe will be the same to you. It also has our hearty endorsement.

"By way of report, I've done as you asked me. Joined with the Orient Heights Post, A. L., in their memorial exercises, which, this year, consisted entirely in decorating with appropriate ceremony the grave of Al Goodearl, in East Boston. For my part, I read from the Company book that first part of the 10th chapter which deals with the circumstances surrounding the death of Al. Did the best I could to let E Company off creditably. Had Eddie Minton as able second and judge, and he told me to tell you he had O'K'd the act."

Quite a lot of grist came to our mill (we think that's what comes to mills) in connection with the E-F party notices.

We had a telegram from "Mr. Barber" of Y.M.C.A. fame at Sorny. He's living in Plattsburgh, N. Y. He regretted he couldn't be with us, but sent his best regards to all and said he'd drink a toast to us all even though he wouldn't be able to get any Soissons wine.

PORTER MARTIN is gradually creeping up on Boston. He's taking rather a round-about way but at present is at Brantford, Ontario, Canada, 315 Colborne St., with the Dominion Natural Gas Co., Ltd., to be exact. He sent in a Canadian bill and said if we had difficulty passing it, to loan it to the "franc terrors." Not a bad line.

We are sorry to hear that BILL PEMBROKE'S health isn't all it should be. FRED DAY is also not so good. They certainly have our sympathy. WARREN MCLEOD broke his arm a few days ago, and while he was at the New England Deaconess Hospital we sent him flowers from the Company.

OLUF SCHAU is in Old Orchard resting after his arduous labors, listening to the wild waves getting wilder.

Oh! Yes! The War Babies' party was a success, even though F Co. beat us in numbers. However, another year is coming and we may be able to beat them yet. Ask those who were there how they liked the party.

BILL BUXTON sent in words of regret at not being able to attend the party and brought back memories of St. Remy Woods *avec beaucoup* blackberries and German potatoes and beer. Anybody who "fitted" with the cooks might have added sugar to the blackberries.

By the way, this issue is written after a little reunion with Bill who was up from Norfolk for his usual forty-eight hours. The tonnage is good, but we can't say much for the quality—of these "Echoes" we mean. He reports POP FOLEY as well.

—R. M. E.

FANCIES OF F

Every time we slip up and omit "Fancies," some bird is sure to show up within the next two days with the remark, "There wasn't any F Company news last month."

During the summer, one doesn't see much of the fellows and news is hard to get.

As a matter of fact, the sole, solitary bit we've heard is that VERN HASLUND has stepped out. Mr. and Mrs. Haslund are living on Fernald Road, Dorchester.

Will some kind-hearted gink help out by sending in a few lines for next month?

—P. N. S.

CONGRATULATIONS

EDWARD J. FERGUSON, Battery C, 101st Field Artillery, was married to Miss Daisy MacLennan of Arlington, Mass., on June 20, 1925. They spent their honeymoon on a trip to Montreal. Ed says the beer there is very good.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

If anybody knows the address of L. R. CRAWFORD, kindly send same to HERBERT L. JAYCOX whose address is 171 No. Seventh St., Paterson, N. J. Crawford's last known address was somewhere in Nebraska.

C. G. ("SKINNY") WHITE is married, has three children, and is living at 16 Elmwood Ave., Rye, N. Y.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE E. SAWYER on the birth of a daughter, Pauline, June 19, in Cambridge.

EDWIN F. STICKNEY and Miss Nora Counts of Memphis, Tenn., were married at Cleveland, Ohio, on June 16, 1925. They will live in Buffalo where "Stick" is connected with the U. S. Rubber Company.

JOHN H. ("PADRE") CREIGHTON is still pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Peoria, Ill. He wishes to be remembered to all the boys whom he hopes have not forgotten him. Be sure to look him up when you go on that trip this summer!

C. T. ("CHIC") NICHOL is home again after spending three months at a camp in New Jersey.

JIM NEEFUS is still "on the docket" in New York, and when you go down again be sure to look him up at the Bank of America.

LEO MURPHY, Company A, sends his best regards from Cohoes, N. Y., to BILL SYNDER, RUSS MORRILL and JIM WOODS. —G. W. T.

HY-O! SCIO, OHIO

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

In the 103d Infantry column of the May number you call for such news as an addition to the family, going broke or making a million dollars.

I cannot make a favorable report on the first and last mentioned, but as to the second I am running true to old army form.

I must say that I am always glad to read the personals in DOINGS and am opposed to eliminating them. I am of the opinion that these so-called personals are the only real way to hold the vets together. Although I am not one of the original members of the 26th, I hold the memory of the old Division as sacred as any of the boys who made the name of it a credit to the war records of the U. S. A.

It has been stated that "as Boy Scouts they were very good." We are in a better position to give an argument on that subject now than when the statement was made.

As to the personals, we always used to thrive on them in the old days, and I have seen nothing in your columns that could come up to some handed out by a platoon sergeant.

This has relieved all the present pressure from my chest, and as I am in the same boat as the Woodcarver of Lane, S. D., I shall sign,

A BOHUNK FROM OHIO,
Scio, Ohio.

"Shay, oshifer, where's the corner?"
"Why, you're standing on it."
"Sat so? No wonder I couldn't find it."

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

A COMPANY

I dropped into Truly Warner's on Summer Street the other day, and the first bird I laid my eyes on was REDDY. Shook the old paw and stated my wishes. The old boy took one look at my bean and says, "Try on this." She fit as if made for my dome. It was sold on the spot.

Feeling pretty gay with the new straw boy, I started up Summer Street and nearly fell over ROHAN. Our old D.S.O. boy is still taking care of the machines of the U. S. M. C. Don't mix those initials up and think he is in the Marines.

Well I was off again, and as I passed the Telephone Company offices I caught a glimpse of our old top kicker BETTERS, but he was in an awful rush as always and got away before I could chew the rag with him.

That is all that happened in one day.

Have an awful job keeping my eye on all the gang I once did know, but the other day I ran across RAYMOND GRIFFITH, who has become an accountant and now has a nice position in the Beacon Trust Company. I have always watched that boy with interested eyes as he is sure to become one of our modern J. P. Morgans.

—C. L. R.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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YD CLUB OF QUINCY

There's a bunch of live wires down Quincy way, known as the YD Club of Quincy. As yet, it is not a member of the Y.D.V.A. But we have high hopes.

According to newspaper reports, this crew was about half the show during the city's recent tercentenary celebration.

The following are extracts from a letter sent out by the President of the Club in calling for a full showing in the big parade, and show the way they are going at things in the Granite City.

"When Mayor Barbour went in quest of a big man for a darn big job—that of organizing and engineering Quincy's Tercentenary Celebration—he knew where to look to find the right man. He found him in our own Club—Col. WARREN E. SWEETSER. The Colonel is an active member and a YD man to the core. He has worked his head off, laboring day and night, to make it a success."

"Brigadier General FOOTE, a YD man, was chosen as marshal of the Military Division, and he picked another, Capt. EVERETT PROUT, as his chief-of-staff. Lieut. ALEX. ROBERTSON is adjutant to the chief marshal, and BOB SUMMERS is representing the Club on the mounted staff."

"Lieut. Colonel FRED E. JONES (our vice-president) is marshal of the 2d or Civic Division, and it's no cinch to break in a bunch of route step civies, but they knew he was the one man that could do it, and he has called Lieut. LEO MULLIN to be his assistant. These men and lots of other YD men are working hard to make this parade the biggest and best parade staged this side of the Pacific."

"The YD Club of Brockton has answered our call, promising to send down twenty men with their colors—and they passed the word to Salem, which brought a letter from that North Shore city, over thirty miles away, saying that the YD spirit still survived there."

"A visit to Salem Sunday proved this by their earnest and enthusiastic response, from twenty or twenty-five men, who will come down with their colors even if they have to charter a 'box car.'"

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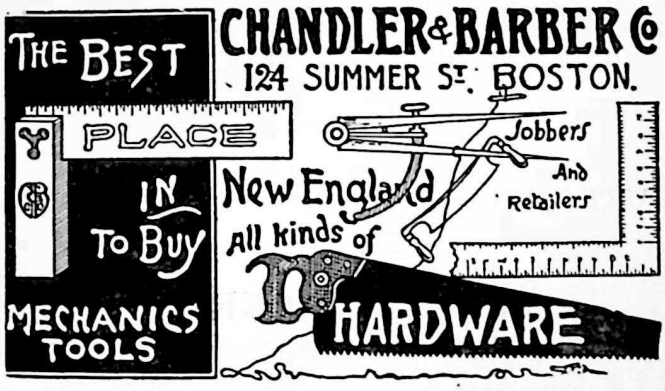

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